

# The Florence Tribune.

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FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

H. D. CASSIDAY,  
FLORENCE, ARIZONA.  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY, PINAL COUNTY  
Office in the Court House.

DR. ANCIL MARTIN,  
EYE AND EAR. Phoenix, Arizona.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and  
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. All calls an-  
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First-class Accommodations for  
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SING LEE, Proprietor.

Everything neat and clean. Splendid cook-  
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Regular Meals, 25 Cents.

BAKERY IN CONNECTION.

The best and Cheapest Bread in town (five  
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specialty.

## Geo. E. Kohler,

Furnishes Your House Complete.

Furniture, Carpets,

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Cor. Stone Ave. and Congress Sts.

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DEALERS IN

## General Merchandise,

Opposite Armory Hall, Main Street.

## Antonio, Chinaman

DEALER IN

## General Merchandise,

Corner 9th and Bailey streets,

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## Florence Hotel,

Newly Furnished and Refitted.  
Will be run

## STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

Table supplied with the best  
the market affords.

## Elegantly Furnished Rooms

AND ALL MODERN APPOINTMENTS.

Bar Constantly Supplied With  
the Choicest Wines, Liquors  
and Cigars.

Patronage of Continental men and the gen-  
eral public respectfully solicited.

L. K. DRAIS, Proprietor.

## THE ARIZONA NATIONAL BANK,

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Surplus and Profits, 7,500

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LIONEL M. JACOBS, Cashier.  
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Transacts a General Banking Business.  
Makes telegraphic transfers. Draws For-  
eign and Domestic Bills of Exchange.  
Accounts of Individuals. Firms and Cor-  
porations solicited.

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CURTIS G. POWELL, Prop.

Rooms Furnished.

Everything First-Class.

Improvements Added

Nicely Furnished Parlor for the Ac-  
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Only White Help Employed

Table board \$1 per day; board and lodging  
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Florence and Casa Grande

Livery, Feed &

Sale Stables

Florence and Casa Grande.

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European Plan.

GEO. H. A. LUHRS, Proprietor.

Corner Center and Jefferson Streets,

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Leading business and family hotel in Ariz-  
ona. Located in the business center. Con-  
tains one hundred rooms.

## Tunnel Saloon.

CHOICE WINES,

LIQUORS

AND CIGARS.

J. G. KEATINGE Proprietor

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## Meat Market.

Main Street, adjoining TRIBUNE Office

HENRY W. BRADY, Proprietor.

Choicest Beef, Pork and Mutton

a Specialty.

Pinel County Building & Loan

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Florence, Pinal County, Arizona.

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Office: With H. D. Cassidy.

Directors' regular meetings, first Monday

in each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

## SIXTH SENSE FOR ALL.

Assurance That Anybody Can Do  
the Occult Who Wishes.

How It is Acquired and What It Will  
Do—A Chance for Everyone  
to Communicate with  
Departed Friends.

William T. Stead, author, journalist, theosophist and general student of all that is odd, now announces that he has received by means of automatic writing, from a very well-known spirit, the information that every living person has what is called the sixth sense. In other words, we are all mediums, contrary to the general supposition, even among the advanced disciples of spiritualism. The message of communication is given to the world through Editor Stead, who, for the time being, is under the guidance of this feminine control, the real author of the statements being known as "Julia." Her messages have been coming at intervals for five years, and among the students of the occult are regarded as absolutely true. That is why Mr. Stead says so much importance upon them. It is for this reason he holds that the communication between the inhabitants of the world and those who have passed away can be much more free if only people will have it that way. In the message Julia says:

"What I have to tell you is that all those who really wish to have the sixth sense, or whatever you may choose to term it, so developed that they can at will become sensibly or to their sense cognizant of the reality of the existence of the beings who encompass them about, can acquire the gift or faculty if they will but subject themselves to the laws of the region into which they wish to penetrate. It is a potentiality of the universal human race. Nor is it only human. Many animals have the open eye. They see when their owners are blind. But you can see if you choose. It rests with ourselves.

"There is no short cut to the sixth sense. There may be something like it in mesmerism and hypnotism, but that is not at all what I mean. What is possible is for every child or man to become what you call normally clairvoyant—that is, for anyone to possess himself of the power of seeing and hearing, as plainly as he sees and hears material things, the invisible forms and voices that surround him.

"The power is one that ought to be under control. There will be many harm done if it is not shut at will the clairvoyant eye. Imagine the mischief that would happen if when life and death hung on the absolute concentration of all faculties on the subject immediately before you, if at the supreme moment you were to see the white phantoms of the borderland pass between you and the point of exclusive interest. If you cannot control your sixth sense you had better not acquire it. It is much better to do without it than to be controlled by it.

"You should have the sense at command when you need it, as you have your microscope or your telescope. But, better have neither if you are to be compulsorily doomed at other will than yours to interrupt the work of life by a spectacle of the infinitely little or the infinitely remote. Man should always be master of his senses, especially of the sixth sense, as it is called.

In her further statements to Mr. Stead "Julia" goes on to say that the investigator must always be simple and not be constantly thinking of himself. In other words, self-consciousness must be avoided, or it will play havoc with the chances of success. All one's mental faculties are needed. Everything must be examined and tested without prejudice and without partiality. Nothing can be achieved without time and patience.

The first thing to be done to see the invisible ones, "Julia" says, is to be very still and to wait. When quite still and passive, close your eyes and think of the one whom you wish to see. If it is a friend still alive in the body it will help you if at the same time, although that is not essential, he or she is also passive and silent. When you have two spirits in accord, both seeking the same thing, the difficulties are less. But you must be agreed in heart and soul. If you could keep the concentrated quiet attention for a longer period than the minutes without becoming tired, then you had better do so. At no time, however, force yourself, for a strain means failure.

In this way, "Julia" declares, one succeeds in acquiring success. It is acquired forever. There will be no more parting between the one who has gained his object and the spirit world. The greatest danger is that the sixth sense may control the individual instead of being in itself controlled.—N. Y. Herald.

In case any of our readers may have occasion to address the German emperor, we have modeled on his brother's speech of yesterday the mode of appealing to his majesty which is most likely to elicit a favorable response: "Most Sublime Emperor, All Powerful King, and About-to-be Lord of all the Earth, Inspired Sender of Telegrams, Serene Annexer of Foreign Ports, Beloved Master, Most Mighty and Illustrious Monarch, Anointed and Made in Germany, Ruler of All Men, for ever and ever. Hooray! Hoo-jolly-roy! Hoo-Billy-roy!"—London Globe.

## CAUGHT THE EDUCATED CRAB.

It Had Spotted Cap'n Eph's Fishing. But Was Landed by Medford Ham. The Educated Crab came to grief the other day and Cap'n Eph Drowles visited the village to celebrate the event. When last seen, bound over the hills of Hardscrabble, he was close hauled and laying a course as tortuous as the wake of a mackerel smack beating to windward against tide and a stiff north-easter.

Cap'n Eph had been fishing for the Educated Crab ever since he was so afflicted with rheumatism that he had to knock off cruising between Bishop and Clerk's Lighthouse and the Handkerchief ledge, and do all his fishing in the bay or off the breakwater. He had always maintained that the Educated Crab was raised in Buzzard's bay and that it had legs around New Bedford. It showed a vicious knowledge, according to Cap'n Eph, only to have been gained by long experience among whaler-men.

"It's funny that this crab has been about my line at least seven hundred times," remarked Cap'n Eph when he stood in front of the post office and displayed the cadaver of the crab, which he had brought from the beach carefully wrapped in a paper.

"How do I know it's the same crab? Don't yer spouse I kin tell his figger head from yours? (addressing the neighbor on his left and pointing to the one on his right.) Crabs hev plases just ez much ez pumons. Sides, there never was a crab afore that wuz shrouled all along its keel and deck with barnacles. I've hearn tell that yer could tell th' age uv a rattlesnake by th' rattles he sterred by. Ef that holds good in th' case uv crabs thins must be nigh a thousand years old.

"It ud steal bait faster'n a hull school uv fryers. That's where his eddication cum in. I've leamed over the gunwale when I wuz fishing in clear water an' watched him skrimish 'round morn' 50 times. He'd go skittin' 'round my hook four or five times, for ter get th' baitings uv th' bait, but he wouldn't make no effort ter tech th' bait until he'd gone up ag'in th' tide for two or three fathoms. Then he'd come sailin' back with the tide on his beam an' heave to about three inches from my line.

"Every other crab would hev jost grabbed fur th' bait an' made sail. That wuzn't th' style of th' Educated Crab, however. He'd jes' port his helm an' swing athwart th' tide till he'd got his starboard claw fore an' aft with my line, an' then he'd grab th' hook by th' eye an' pull his business away from his hook. He'd be jost of the ball off with a snap. It ud be matter how fast I heaved in th' line, he'd hev th' hook tore by th' time I rized him to the edge uv th' water.

"He spiled my fishin' for three summer, but IATCHED him at last. How it cum about shoves that th' smartest crab ain't no way superior to man of it in dodder with rum. Night afore las' I opened half a bucket uv clams an' set the bait down by the table right under where I'd sot a nigh about full bottle uv Medford rum; what I used to rub my leg fur rheumatiz. I'd disremembered all about that bottle when I cum hum long about nine o'clock o' night an' tried to light th' gill. Whike I wuz fustlin' 'round fur a match I knocked th' bottle over an' most all the likker swashed down on them air clams. I cummed myself fur a lubber all night, fur I had pains in my leg an' stomach mighty bad. But I ain't sorry that I spiled th' likker now, seem' that I kitched th' eddicated crab.

"I thot ez the likker would be likely to spile th' bait, an' sure enough I didn't git a bite till th' tide wuz about ebb an' th' ole crab hove in sight. He took to the rum soaked bait jest ez kindly ez a prohibitionist away from hum. He cleaned my hook an' made sail fur his port, but bimby he cum back under full headway an' seemed dreadful eager fur 'nother bite. He got it, but acted so wobbly that it sot me ter thinkin'.

Says I ter myself, 'you hev sartainly got brains enough to git tangled up in your latitude of you hist in much more uv th' cargo.' So I jest jambed th' hook full uv rum-soaked clams an' let Cap'n Crab navigate all over the bottom with it. Bimby I seed that he wuz too wobbly ter steer within three pints uv his course. He hed to tack half a dozen times afore he could lay himself alongside the hook when I batted up agin, and then he jest grabbed at th' bait, hook and all, regardless o' consequences. I let him git a good hold afore I yanked, an' when I did give a pull on th' line I druv th' hook nigh half through his port quarter. It wasn't time fur th' wink ur a yallerleg's eye afore I hed him in th' boat; an' he lay thar an' blinked at me ez drunk ez a shanghaied foremast hand in th' fo'kete uv a Baltimore packet. That's how I kitched th' eddicated crab."—Boston Traveler.

A pretty manner of serving oranges for a desert is thus: Peel the oranges down to the stem end; leave a tiny piece of skin there. Remove the white part, which has a bitter taste, from half the peels and with sharp scissors cut into shreds. For half a dozen oranges take 1½ teaspoonfuls of water and pour it over the shredded rind. Add 1½ cupfuls of granulated sugar and boil until it is a jellied sirup. Separate the oranges into small sections, leaving them fastened together at the stem end, and starting from the lower part of the orange to separate the pieces. Arrange them upon a flat dish; then, by spoonfuls, slowly pour the liquid jelly over the fruit. Let them become perfectly cold before serving.—Boston Globe.

## THE YELLOW SCOURGE.

Humor and Pathos in the Fever-Stricken Region.

Scenes and Incidents Described by One Who Was Connected with the Relief Service in Georgia.

Since I have been mixed up with the yellow fever panic I have gone through many varied experiences. When I was pressed into service by Dr. McRae as a train inspector at East Point I felt more like I should be taken for a train robber, and passing through the crowded sleeping cars with the dark eyes of those damps from the far south turned upon us in listless languor, my sympathies went out to the refugees from the proud city curving like a thin crescent along the shores of that mighty river which rolls in resistless majesty toward the slumbering sea.

I fancied how they must miss the dreamlike quietude of that ancient city where old world ways so obstinately resist the onrush of modern innovations, and how homesick they must feel amid the restless bustle of Georgia's capital where the crackle of the Yankee and the Yankeeized cracker are struggling for supremacy, a generous rivalry and unswerving emulation, to be foremost in the march of progress. Ever and anon I caught the soft responses of the travelers to the questions put to them by the inspecting physician, delivered in that tongue whose musical intonations partake of the songs of the sea winds among the quivering lime trees far down beside the sounding shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

It seemed so cruel and callous to challenge them thus, and yet it was necessary, and the disagreeable task was robbed of all its baneful features through the kindly courtesy of the young physician, whose disagreeable duty it was to see that they were all sound and well. And I knew that when they reached Atlanta they would be greeted with a generous welcome, and no armed guard would lie in wait to keep them away from a safe and hospitable refuge. Atlanta never appears to better advantage than when on appeal is made to the generosity of her people, which is never found lacking in any emergency.

Among the pathetic incidents there have been some ridiculous episodes as well connected with the distressing state of affairs. One day I paid a visit to the office of my friend, Dr. Corput, and found him working away for dear life issuing health certificates. A lady took her seat in front of him and gave her name and an account of where she had been within the last 30 days. She didn't look to be very old.

"What is your age, please?" asked the physician.

"Ninety-eight."

"Your age, ma'am; what is your age?"

"Ninety-eight, I said," she answered, snappishly.

"Pardon me, ma'am," said the physician, with a critical look at her youthful face, "I asked you how old you are?"

"Oh, I thought you asked my weight, which is 98 pounds."

"But your age—how old are you?"

"That is none of your business. Put it in; that will do as well as any other age," and she received the certificate.

Another lady of robust figure and with a determined expression loomed up in the doorway.

"I want a certificate."

"All right, ma'am; anybody to identify you?"

"Don't have to be identified, sir. Guess I've been around enough to be able to identify myself, and to take care of myself, too."

"Yes, but as I have not the pleasure of knowing you, I can't give you a certificate until you are identified."

"Then you refuse to give me a certificate, eh?"

"Can't do it, ma'am. Would like to oblige you, but the regulations—"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself. If you don't want to give me a certificate, it is all right. I can go anywhere I want to go anyhow, even if I never see you again," and she flounced away like a high-born lady true.

Just then the sky was overcast, and a deluge of darkness entered under the champagne of Jackson McHenry.

"I want a certificate," said a lady, an' dis 'ere gemmen' an' dese 'ere—"

"Yes, but who are you?" asked the physician, for it chanced that he, among all Atlanta's multitude, had never stood face to face with the puissant politician Jackson.

"Ise Jackson McHenry, sah; ex-cap'n."

"That may be true enough, but you will have to bring up somebody who can identify you."

"Great Lawd! I thot ev'body knowed Jackson McHenry. It's gittin' in th' 'ere squarshun to Chattanooga, an' dese folks is bought dickets."

"He's all right," said an acquaintance standing near. "I'll vouch for Jack," and then the irrepressible leader of forlorn hope proceeded in turn to identify the rest of the crowd, whose indignation was already beginning to rise because they happened to be unknown to the representative of the health department.—Atlanta Journal.

## Injustice.

"Your honor, I want to tell you the other side of this story."

"I don't want to hear the other side, what do you mean trying to confuse the court?"—Yellow Book.

## Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



## A KING FOR THREE MONTHS.

The Luck of a sea Captain Wrecked Near the Caroline Islands.

Capt. Curtis, of the wheat ship Eurydice, had an experience within the past 12 months that might make many a skipper envious, having ruled as king of a group of islands in the South Pacific ocean. Capt. Curtis was the first officer of the ship Flora E. Stafford, which was lost at sea about a year ago.

"When the Stafford was given up," said Capt. Curtis, "we lowered the boats and left her at sea. We had six men in one boat, and the captain went in another boat. My boat headed for the Caroline Islands, and about 15 days we came in sight of land. We were royally welcomed by the natives, who could not do enough to honor us. Dickiees, king of the Carolines, insisted that he should abdicate his throne and make me his successor. I did not assume the royal garments and robes, for etiquette down there requires none of them, but I took the scepter and ruled over those islands for three months. I wooed and won the ex-king's daughter, and I also gave out orders against cannibalism, for I thought some of the Stafford's crew might drift ashore. My orders were strictly obeyed, for I was an absolute monarch. They allowed me little time to sleep. Every night I was compelled to start the hoo-lah-hoo-lah dances with the women, and every day and night some delegations of natives from other islands in the group would call upon me to arbitrate in some murder case. Those fellows were always killing each other. I would get in their canoes and go with them. I would hear the testimony and decide who was guilty. My decision was final, and the guilty man would be shot.

"After remaining on the islands three months I took passage on the first steamer that passed. I was landed at Manila, in the Philippines, and reached there in time to see the execution of four insurgents. They were learned native doctors. They were led out to a public park and shot by half a regiment of soldiers. They fell to the earth pierced with a score of bullets. There was fighting on the island all the time. No one was allowed in the streets after nine o'clock at night. The captain of the Stafford had landed safely at Manila eight days after the wreck."

After leaving Manila Capt. Curtis succeeded in reaching Hong Kong, where he was at once placed in command of the Eurydice. He did not tell his experience until reaching the sound. The Eurydice broke all records, coming from Hong Kong in 19 days.—Seattle Times.

## ANIMAL COLONISTS.

Foreign Cattle Taking the Place of Common Domestic.

During the last few years the demand for pedigree English cattle for Argentina has been enormous. Shorthorns, Herefords and Devons have been imported weekly, and a cross-bred English stock now fills the "corral" of the great beef and bovine companies of the River Plate. In North America this Anglification process has spread to all the states of the union. Half-bred Herefords and shorthorns are taking the place of the common cattle of the states on nearly all the ranches of the beef-producing districts, and the colonizing capacity of different English breeds is recommending them for special districts. Thus the Devon bulls are purchased for ranches where the search for pasture and water needs special activity and endurance, and red "polled" or hornless Suffolks are used where cattle are being bred for transit by rail or ship, because the absence of horns is then convenient. Even tropical Brazil follows the fashion, and English Jersey cows are seen demurely walking through the forest paths by the coffee plantations, and English terriers and pug dogs sit on the laps of Brazilian ladies.

Whether the Jersey cattle will multiply on the planters' estates time will show, but the spread of our colonizing animals, which are now invading simultaneously the plains of Patagonia and the North Canadian territory, does not limit its progress to the direction of the poles. In India the English horse becomes a colonist by second intention, in the form of the "waler," a sounder and stronger animal than the majority of British hackneys. His value, as compared with the native breeds of Asia, is still undetermined, but we must accept his presence and survival as a fact.—London Spectator.